



VENVS
AND
ADONIS.

*Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*

LONDON,

Printed for I. P. 1629.

THE

VENUS

AND

ADONIS.

Books Collection with first name
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BOOKS

Printed for J. F. 1750

c



TO
THE RIGHT
HONORABLE, HENRY
WRIOTHESLY, Earle
of Southhampton, and
Baron of Tich-
field.

Right Honourable, I know not how I
shall offend in dedicating my un-
polisht lines to your Lordship; nor
how the World will censure me for
chusing so strong a prop, to support so weake a
burthen: only if your Honour seeme but plea-
sed, I account my selfe highly praised, and vow
to take advantage of all idle houres, till I haue
honoured you with some graver labour. But if

The Epistle, &c.

the first heire of my inuention prone deformed,
I shall be sorry it had so Noble a Godfather, and
never after care so barren a Land, for feare it
yeeld me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your
Honourable suruey, and your Honour to your
hearts content: which I wish may alwaies
answer your owne wish, and the
Worlds hopesfull expe-
ctation.

Your Honours in all dutie,

William Shakespeare.

VENVS



VENVS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the Sunne, with purple coloured face,
Had tane his last leaue of the weeping morne,
Rose-cheekt *Adonis* hied him to the chase:
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to scorne:
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amaine vnto him,
And like a bold-fac't suter 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer then my selfe (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flower, sweet aboue compare,
Staine to all Nymphs, more louely then a man,
More white and red, then Doues, or Roses are:
Nature that made thee, with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life,

S Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy Steed,
And reine his proud head to the saddle bow:
If thou wilt deigne this fauour, for thy meed
A thousand hony secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where neuer Serpent hisses,
And being set, Ile smother thee with kisses.

A s

And

VENVS AND ADONIS.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale, with fresh variety:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twentie.
A Summers day will seeme an houre but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palme,
The president of pith and liuelihood,
And trembling in her passion calls it balme,
Earths soueraigne salve to doe a Goddesse good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Couragiously to pluck him from his Horse.

Ouer one arme the lustie Coursers reine,
Vnder the other was the tender Boy,
Who blusht and powted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy.
She red and hote, as coales of glowing fire:
He red for shame, but frostie in desire.

The studded bridle, on a ragged bough,
Nimbly she fastens, (ô, how quick is loue!)
The Steed is stalled vp, and euen now
To tye the Rider she begins to proue,
Backward she pusht him, as she would be thrust,
And gouerned him in strength, though not in lust.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

So soone was she along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips.
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frowne
And 'gins to chide, but soone she stops his lips,
And kissing speakes, with lustfull language bro-
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shal neuer open. (ken,

He burnes with bashfull shame, she with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes:
Then with her windie sighes and golden heares,
To fanne and blow them drie againe she seekes.
He saith she is immodest, blames her misse,
What followes more, she smothers with a kisse.

Euen as an emptie Eagle, sharpe by fast,
Tires with her beake on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff, or prey be gone:
Euen so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chinne,
And where she ends, she doth anew beginne.

Forc't to content, but neuer to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face:
She feedeth on the steame, as on a prey,
And cals it heauenly moysture, ayre of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowres,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showres.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a Net,
So fastned in her armes *Adonis* lyes:
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beautie in his angry eyes.
Raine added to a Riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke,

Still she intreates, and pretily entreats:
For to a pretie eare she tunes her tale:
Still he is fullen, still he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale;
Being red she loues him best, and being white,
Her best is bettered with a more delight.

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but loue,
And by her faire immortal hand she sweares,
From his soft bosome neuer to remoue,
Til he take truce with her cōtending teares, (wet,
Which long haue rain'd, making her cheekes all
And one sweet kisse shall pay this countles debt.

Vpon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a Diue-dapper peering through a waue,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what she did craue.
But when his lips were ready for his pay,
He winkes, and turnes his lips another way.
Neuer

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Neuer did passenger in Summers heat (turne
More thirst for drinke, then shee for this good
Her helpe she sees, but helpe she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burne:
Oh pittie gan she cry, flint-hearted boy,
Tis but a kisse I begge, why art thou coy?

I haue been woo'd, as I intreate thee now,
Euen by the sterne and direfull God of Warre,
Whose sinowy neck in battell ne're did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in euery iarre:
Yet hath he been my captiue and my slaue,
And begd for that which thou vnaskt shalt haue.

ouer my Altars hath he hung his Launce,
His battred shield, his vncontrolled Crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and daunce,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and iest,
Scorning his churlish Drum, and Ensigne red,
Making my Armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-rul'd, I ouerswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red Rose chaine:
Strong tempred Steele his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he seruile to my coy disdain.
Oh be not proud, nor bragge not of thy might,
For masting her that foild the God of fight.
Touch

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red)
The kisse shall be thine owne as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground? hold vp thy head:
Looke in mine eye-balls, where thy beautie lyes,
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.
Loue keeps his R.uels where there be but twaine:
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight.
These blue-veind Violets, whereon we leane,
Neuer can blab, nor know they what we meane,

The tender Spring, vpon thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee vnripe; yet maist thou well be tasted:
Make vse of time, let not aduantage slip,
Beauty within it self should not be wasted. (prime,
Faire flowres, that are not gathered in their
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-fauoured, foule, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voyce,
Ore-worne, despised, rheumatick and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, leane, and lacking ioyce,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for
But hauing no defects, why dost abhor me? (thee:
Thou

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are gray and bright, & quick in turning:
My beaurie as the Spring doth yeerely grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning:
My smooth moist hād, were it with thy hād felt,
Would in thy palme dissolue, or seeme to melt.

Bid me discourfe, I will enchaunt thine care,
Or like a Fairy trip vpon the greene,
Or like a Nymph, with long dissheuled heare,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing scene.
Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not grosse to sinke, but light and will aspire.

Witnesse this Primrose banke whereon I lie, (me:
The forcelesse flowres, like sturdie trees support
Two strēgthles doues wil draw me th'row the skie,
From morn till night, euen where I list to sport me.
Is loue so light, sweet Boy, and may it bee
That thou shouldst thinke it heauie vnto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand seize loue vpon thy left?
Then woo thy selfe, be of thy selfe reiected,
Steale thine owne freedome, & complaine of theft.
Narcissus so himselfe, himselfe forsooke,
And dyed to kisse his shadow in the brooke.

Torches

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Torches are made to light, Iewels to weare,
Dainties to taste, fresh beautie for the vse,
Herbs for their smell, and Sappie plants to beare :
Things growing to themselves are growths abuse.
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty. (beauty.

Vpon the earths increase why shouldst thou feed,
Vnlesse the earth with thy increase be fed ?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue when thou thy selfe art dead :
And so in spight of death thou dost suruiue,
In that, thy likenesse still is left aliue.

By this, the Loue-sick Queene began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsooke them,
And *Tylan* tyred in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly ouer-looke them,
Wishing *Adonis* had his teame to guide :
So he were like him, and by *Venus* side.

And now *Adonis* with a lazie spright,
And with a heauie, darke disliking eye,
His lowring browes, orewhelming his faire sight,
Like mistie vapours, when they blot the skie,
Sowring his cheekes, cries sic, no more of loue,
The Sunne doth burne my face, I must remoue.

Ay

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Ay me (quoth *Venus*) yong, and so vnkind!
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gonne?
I'll sigh celestiall breath, whose gentle wind
Shall coole the heat of this descending Sunne:
I'll make a shadow for thee of my heares,
If they burne too, I'll quench them with my
(teares,
The sun that shines from heauen shines but warme,
And loe, I lie betweene that Sunne and thee:
The heat I haue from thence doth little harme,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth mee:
And were I not immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heauenly and earthly Sunne.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as Steele?
Nay more then flint, for stone at raine relenteth
Art thou a womans sonne, and canst not feelee
What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so bad a mind, (kind:
She had not brought forth thee, but dyed vn-

What am I, that thou shouldst contemne me this?
Or what great danger dwels vpon my sute?
What were thy lips the worse for one poore kisse?
Speake, Faire: but speake faire words or else bee
Giue me one kisse, Ile giue it thee again, (mute.
And one for int'rest, if thou wilt haue twaine.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Fee, liuelesse picture, cold and senselesse stone,
Well painted Idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:

Thou art no man, though of a mans complexion.
For men will kisse euen by their owne direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth prouoke a pause,
Red cheekes and fierie eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Being Iudge in loue, she cannot right her cause,
And now she weeps, & now she faine wold speak,
And now her sobs doe her intendments breake.

Sometimes she shakes her head, & then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground:
Sometimes her armes infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her armes be bound:
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her Lilly fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I haue hem'd thee heere,
Within the circuit of this luorie pale,
Be the Parke, and thou shalt be my Deere,
Feed where thou wilt on mountaine or in dale,
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be drie,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountaines lie.

Within

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Within this limit is reliefe enough,
Sweet bottome grasse, and high delightfull plaine,
Round rising hillockes, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from raine:

Then be my Deere, since I am such a Parke,
No Dogge shall rouse thee, though a thousand
(barke,

At this *Adonis* smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a prettie dimple.
Loue made those hollowes: if himselfe were slaine,
He might be buried in a tombe so simple:

Fore-knowing well if there he came to lye,
Why there Loue liu'd, & there he could not dye.

These louing caues, those round inchaunting pits,
Opened their mouthes to swallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Strooke dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poore *Queene* of loue, in thine own law forlone,
To loue a cheek that smiles at thee in scorne!

Now which way shall she turne? what shal she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing:
The time is spent, her obiect will away,
And from her twynning armes doth yrge releasing.
Pittie she cries, some fauour, some remorse:
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But

VENVS AND ADONIS.

But loe, from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Iennet, lustie, yong and proud,
Adonis trampling Courser doth espie,
And forth she rushes, shorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong neckt Steed, being tyed vnto a tree,
Breaketh his reine, and to her straight goes hee.

Imperiously he leapes, he neighs, he bounds:
And now his wouen girts he breakes asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hooft he wounds,
Whose hollow wombe resounds like heauens thund:
The iron bit he crushes 'twene his teeth, (der:
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane
Vpon his compast Crest now stands on end:
His nostrils drinke the aire, and forth againe,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shewes his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle maiestie and modest pride,
Anon he reares vpright, curuets and leapes;
As who should say, Loe, thus my strength is tride,
And thus I doe to captivate the eye
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

What.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

What recketh he his riders angry stir,
His flatter'ring Holla, or his Stand, I say ?
What cares he now, for curb, or pricking spur,
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay ?

He sees his loue, and nothing else he sees :
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Looke when a Painter would surpasse the life,
In limming out a well proportiond Steed,
His Art with natures workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the liuing should exceed :

So did his horse excell a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pafe, and bone,

Round hooff, short iointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad brest, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short eares, strait legs, & passing strong,
Thin mane, thick taile, broad buttock, tender hide :

Look what a horse should haue, he did not lack,
Saue a proud rider on so proud a backe.

Sometimes he scuds farre off, and there he stares ;
Anon he stares at stirring of a feather :
To bid the wind a bace he now prepares,
And where he run or flie, they know not whether.
For through his mane & taile the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who waue like feathered wings.

B

He

VENVS AND ADONIS:

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighs vnto her:
She answeres him, as if she knew his minde:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangenessse, seemes vnkind,
Spurnes at his loue, & scornes the heat he feeles,
Beating his kind embracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholly male-content,
He vales his taile: that, like a falling plume,
Coole shadow to his melting buttocks lent,
He stamps, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
His loue perceiuing how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was asswag'd.

His teasty Master goes about to take him,
When loe, the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left *Adonis* there;
As they were mad, vnto the wood they hie them,
Outstripping Crowes, that strue to ouerfly them.

All swolne with chafing, downe *Adonis* sits,
Banning his boysterous and vnruely beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That loue-sicke *Loue*, by pleading may be blest.
For louers say, The heart hath trebble wrong,
When it is bard the aidance of the tongue.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

An Ouen that is stopt, or Riuer staid,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words loues fire doth assuage:
But when the harts Atturney once is mute,
The Clyent breakes, as desperate in his sute.

He sees her comming, and begins to glow,
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nie,
For all affcance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was wistly to view
How she came stealing to the weyward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hiew,
How white and red each other did destroy:
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
It flasht forth fire, and lightning from the sky.

Now was she iust before him as he sat,
And like a lowly louer downe she kneeles,
With one faire hand she heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheekes feelles:
His tender cheekes receiue her soft hands print,
As apt as new-falne snow takes any ding.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Oh what a war of lookes was then between them?
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seene them,
Her eyes wou'd still, his eyes disdaind the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plaine,
With tears which *Chorus*-like her eyes did raine.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A Lilly prifond in a Taile of snow,
Or Lucy in an Alabaster band,
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe:
This beautieus combat wil full, and vnwilling,
Shewd like to silver Doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began.
O fairest moeuer on this mortall Round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound:
For one sweet looke my helpe I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my bodies bane would cure
(thee.

Give me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feele it?
Give me my heart (saith she) & thou shalt haue it.
O giue it me, lest thy hard heart do steale it,
And being steeld, soft sighs can neuer graue it:
Then loues deepe groanes I neuer shall regard,
Because *Adonis* heart hath made mine hard.

For

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For shame he cries, Let go, and let me goe,
My dayes delight is past, my horse is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereft him so,
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone.
For all my mind, my thought, my busie care,
Is how to get my Palfrey from the Mare.

Thus she replies? Thy Palfrey, as she should,
Welcomes the warme approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coale that must be coold,
Else suffred, it will set the heart on fire.

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none:
Therefore no maruel though thy horse be gone.

How like a Iade he stood, tyed to a tree,
Scruiely mastred with a lethren reine!
But when he saw his loue, his youths faire fee,
He held such pettie bondage in disdaine,
Throwing the base thong frō his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his brest.

Who sees his true-Loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hiew then white,
But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aime at like delight?

Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Let me excuse thy Courser, gentle boy,
And learne of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take aduantage on presented ioy, (thee.
Though I were dumbe, yet his proceedings teach
O learne to loue : the lesson is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer lost againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Vnlesse it be a Boare, and then I chase it.
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue but to disgrace it.
For I haue heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, & weeps, & all but with a breath.

Who weares a garment shapelesse and vnfinisht ?
Who plucks the bud before one leafe put forth ?
If springing things be any iot diminisht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth :
The Colt that's backt, & burthend being yong,
Loseth his pride, and neuer waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing : let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootlesse chat,
Remoue your siege from my vnycelding hart,
To Loues alarme it will not ope the gate : (flattery :
Dismiss your vowes, your fained teares, your
For where a heart is hard, they make no battry.
What,

VENVS AND ADONIS:

What, canst thou talk (quoth she) hast thou a tongue?
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy Mermaids voice hath done me double wrong:
I had my load before, now prest with bearing,
Melodious discord, heauely tune harsh sounding,
Earths deepe sweet musick, and hearts deep sore
(wounding.

Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue
That inward beautie and inuisible.
Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue
Each part in me that were but sensible.
Though neither eyes nor eares to heare nor see,
Yet should I be in loue, by touching thee.

Say that the sense of reason were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor heare, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my loue to thee be still as much.
For from the Stillitorie of thy face excelling,
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth loue by
(smelling.

But oh, what banquet wert thou to the tast,
Being nurse and feeder of the other soure?
Would they not wish the feast should euer last,
And bid suspition double locke the doore;
Lest ielousie, that sowre vnwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in, disturbe the feast?

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Once more the ruby-colour'd Portal open'd,
Which to his speech did hony passage yeeld :
Like a red morne that euer yet betokend
Wracke to the Sea-man, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to Shepheards, woe vnto the birds,
Gust and foule flawes to herdmen & to herds.

This ill presage aduisedly she marketh,
Euen as the wind is hush't before it raineth :
Or as the Woolfe doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the Berry breaks before it staineth :
Or like the deadly bullet of a Gun,
His meaning strooke her, ere his words begun.

And at his looke she flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiueth :
A smile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But blessed banquerout that by loue so thriueth :
The silly boy beleeuing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red,

And in a maze brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did thinke to reprehend her :
Which cunning loue did wittily preuent.
Faile fall the wit that can so well defend her :
Fot on the grasse she lies as she were slaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He

VENVS AND ADONIS.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheekes,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand wayes he seekes
To mend the hurt that his vnkindnesse mard:
He kisses her, and she, by her good will,
Will neuer rise, so he will kisse her still.

The night of sorrow now is turnd to day,
Her two blue windowes faintly she vp heaueth:
Like the faire Sun, when in his fresh array,
He cheeres the morne, and all the world releueth:
And as the bright Sun glorifies the skie,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beames vpon his hairelesse face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine:
Were neuer foure such lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded, with his browes repine: (light,
But hers, which through the crystal teares gaue
Shone like the moone in water scene by night.

O where am I (quoth she) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What houre is this, or morne, or weary euen?
Doe I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liu'd: and life was deaths annoy:
But now I di'd: and death was liuely ioy.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

O thou didst kill me, kill me once againe.
Thy eyes, shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornfull tricks, & such disdain,
That they haue mured this poore heart of mine:
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy pitious lips no more had seene.

Long may they kisse each other for this cure:
Oh neuer let their crimson liueries weare,
And as they last, their verdure still indure,
To driue infection from the dangerous yeere;
That the star-gazers hauing writ on death,
May say, The plague is banisht by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet scales, in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make still to be sealing?
To sell my selfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vse good dealing:
Which purchase if thou make, for feare of slips,
Set thy seale manuell on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buyes my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leasure one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses vnto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-payment, that the debt should dou-
Is twentie hundred kisses such a trouble? (ble?
Faire

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Faire Queene (quoth he) if any loue you owe me,
Measure my strangenesse with my vnripe yeeres:
Before I know my selfe, seeke not to know me.
No Fisher but the vngrowne fry forbears.
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being carely pluckt, is sowre to tast.

Looke, the worlds comforter, with weary gate,
His dayes hot taske hath ended in the West,
The Owle (nights Herald) shreekes, tis very late,
The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
The coleblack clouds that shadow heauens light,
Doe summon vs to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say good night, and so say you:
If you will say so, you shall haue a kisse.
Good night (quoth she) and ere he saies adue,
The hony fee of parting tendred is,
Her armes doe lend his necke a sweet embrace,
Incorporat then they seeme, face growes to face.

Till breathlesse he disioin'd, and backward drew
The heauenly moisture, that sweet corall mouth,
Whose precious taste, her thirstie lips well knew,
Whereon they surfet, yet complaine on drouth.
He with her plentie prest, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glew'd, fall to the earth.

Now

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Now quick desire hath caught her yeelding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obey,
Paying what ranfome the insulter wil'leth,
Whose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hy,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And hauing felt the sweetnesse of the spoyle,
With blind-fold fury she begins to forrage,
Her face doth reek & smoke, her blood doth boyle,
And carelesse lust stirres vp a desperate courage:
Plasing obliuion, beating reason backe,
Forgetting shames pure blush, & honors wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird, being tam'd with too much hādling
Or as the fleet-foot Roe, that's tired with chāsing,
Or like the froward Infant stild with dādling,
He now obeyes, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all shee listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolues with tempring,
And yeelds at last to euery light impression?
Things out of hope, are cōpa'nt oft wth ventring,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds cōmission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac't coward,
But thē woo's best, whē most his choice is froward.

When

VENVS AND ADONIS.

When he did frowne, ô had she then gaue ouer,
Such Nectar from his lips she had not suckt :
Foule words and frownes must not repell a Louer:
What though the Rose haue pricks? yet is it pluckt.
Were beauty vnder twenty locks kept fast,
Yet loue breaks through, & picks them al at last.

For pittie now she can no more detain him:
The poore foole prayes her that he may depart:
She is resolu'd no longer to restraine him:
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her hart,
The which by *Cupids* bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his brest.

Sweet boy, she sayes, this night Ile waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eies to watch.
Tell me, loues master, shall we meet to morrow?
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tels her no, to morrow he intends
To hunt the Boare with certaine of his friends.

The Boare (quoth she?) whe'ent a sudden pale,
Like Lawne being spred vpon the blushing Rose,
Vsurpes her cheekes, she trembles at his tale,
And on his necke her yoking armes she throwes,
She sinketh downe, still hanging on his necke,
He on her belly falls, she on her backe.

Now

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Now is she in the very lists of loue,
Her Champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth proue,
He will not manage her although he mount her:
That worse then *Tantalus*, is her annoy,
To clip *Elysium*, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen as poore birds, deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Doe surfet by the eye, and pine the mawe:
Euen so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poore birds, that helpelesse berries saw;
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine: good Queene, it will not be,
She hath assaid as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee:
Shee's loue, she loues, and yet she is not lou'd:
Fie, fie, he sayes, you crush me, let me goe;
You haue no reason to with-hold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
But that thou toldst me, thou wouldst hunt the Bore.
O be aduis'd, thou know'st not what it is,
With lauelins poynt, a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tusshes neuer sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortall Butcher bent to kill.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

On his bowe backe he hath a battell set,
Of bristly pikes, that euer threat his foes,
His eyes like Glow-worms shine whē he doth fret,
His snowt digs sepulchers where ere he goes:
Being mou'd, he strikes what ere is in his way:
And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

His brawnie sides with hairy bristles armed,
Are better prooffe than thy speares point can enter,
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed,
Being irefull, on the Lion he will venter:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearfull of him, part, through whō he rushes.

Alas, he nought esteemes that face of thine,
To which Loues eye payes tributary gazes,
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and christall cyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes:
But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

O let him keepe his lothsome cabin still:
Beauty hath nought to doe with such foule fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thriue well, take counsell of their friends.
Whē thou didst name the Boare, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.
Didst

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Didst thou not marke my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signes of feare lurke in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downe right?
Within my bosome, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beates, and takes no rest,
But like an earth quake shakes thee on my brest.

For where loue raignes, disturbing ieaiousie
Doth call himsele affections Centinell,
Giues false alarmes, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peacefull houre doth cry, Kill, Kill,
Distemp'ring gentle loue with his desire,
As ayre and water doth abate the fire.

This sowre informer, this bate breeding spie,
This canker that eates vp loues tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissensions ieaiousie,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I thy death should feare:

And more then so, presenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angry chafing Boare,
Vnder whose sharp fangs, on his backe doth lie,
An image like thy selfe, all staine with goare,
Whose blood vpon the fresh flowres being shed,
Doth make the droop with grief & hāg the hed.
What

VENVS AND ADONIS.

What should I doe? seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at th'imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And feare doth teach it diuination;
I prophetic thy death, my liuing sorrow,
If thou encounter with the Boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Vncouple at the timorous flying Hare,
Or at the Fox which liues by subletie,
Or at the Roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearefull creatures o're the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keepe with thy
(hounds,

And when thou hast on foot the purblind Hare,
Marke the poore wretch, to ouershut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth t'amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flocke of sheepe,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-deluing Conies keepe,
To stop the lowd pursuers in their yell,
And sometime forteth with a heard of Deere.
Danger deuifeth shifts, wit waits on feare.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot sent-snuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous crie, till they haue singled
With much adoo the colde fault cleanly out.

Then do they spend their mouths, eccho replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poore *Wat* farre off vpon a hill
Standson his hinder legs with listning eare,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their lowd alarums he doth heare,
And now his grieve may be compared well,
To one sore sicke, that heares the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabled wretch,
Turne and returne, indenting with the way,
Each enuious bryer his wearie legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
For miserie is trodden on by manie;
And being low, neuer relecu'd by anie.

Lie quietly, and heare a little more,
Nay doe not struggle, for thou shalt not rise,
To make thee hate the hunting of the Boare,
Vnlike my selfe thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so:
For loue can comment vpon euery woe.

Where

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Where did I leaue? No matter where (quoth hee)
Leaue me, and then the storie aptly ends:
The night is spent. Why what of that (quoth she?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends,
And now tis darke, and going I shall fall.
In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, oh, then imagine this,
The earth, in loue with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kisse.
Rich preyes make rich men theeues: so do thy lips
Make modest *Diane* cloudie and forlorne,
Lest she should steale a kisse and die forsworne,

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reason,
Cynthia for shame obscures her siluer shine,
Till forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heauen that were diuine,
Wherin she fram'd thee in his heauens despight,
To shame the Sunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies,
To crosse the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subiect to the tyrannie
Of sad mischances and much miserie.

VENVS AND ADONIS:

As burning feauers,agues pale and faint,
Life poysoning pestilence,and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sicknesse,whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfets,impostumes,griefe and damnd despaire,
Sweare Natures death for framing thee so faire.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minutes sight brings beautie vnder:
Both faucur,sauour,hiew and qualities,
Whereat th'imperiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden,wasted,thaw'd and done,
As mountaine snow melts,with the midday Sun.

Therefore,despight of fruitlesse chastitie,
Loue-lacking *Vesbals*,and selfe-louing *Nunnes*,
That on the earth would breed a scarcitie,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sonnes,
Be prodigall: the Lampe that burnes by night,
Dries vp his Oyle,to lend the world his light.

What is thy body,but a swallowing graue,
Seeming to bury that posteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must haue,
If thou destroy them not in their obscuritie?
If so,the world will hold thee in disdaine,
Sith in thy pride,so faire a hope is slaine.

VENVS AND ADONIS:

So in thy selfe thy selfe art made away,
A mischiefe worse then ciuill home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands theselues doe slay,
Or Butchers Sire, that reaues his sonne of life.
Foule cankering rust the hidden treasure frets:
But Gold that's put to vse more Gold begets,

Nay then, quoth *Adon*, you will fall againe
Into your idle ouer-handled Theame,
The kisse I gaue you is bestow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you striue against the streame.
For by this black-fac't night, desires foule purse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse & worse.

If Loue haue lent you twentie thousand tongues,
And euery tongue more mouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton Mermaides Songs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne.
For know, my heart stands armed in my eare,
And will not let a false sound enter there:

Lest the deceiuing harmony should runne
Into the quiet closure of my brest,
And then my little heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest:
No Lady, no: my heart longs not to grone,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

What haue you vrg'd that I cannot reprove ?
The path is smooth that leadeth vnto danger.
I hate not loue, but your deuce in loue,
That lends embracements vnto euerie stranger.
You doe it for increase : ô strange excuse !
When reason is the Bawd to lusts abuse.

Call it not loue, for Loue to heauen is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth vsurpt his name:
Vnder whose simple semblance he hath fed
Vpon fresh beautie, blotting it with blame ;
Which the hot Tyrant stains, & soone bereaues,
As Caterpillers doe the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like Sun-shine after raine :
But lusts effect is tempest after Sunne.
Loues gentle spring doth alwaies fresh remaine:
Lusts winter comes, ere Summer halfe be done.
Loue surfets not: lust like a glutton dies.
Loue is all truth: lust full of forged lies.]

More I could tell : but more I dare not say.
The text is old, the Orator too Greene.
Therefore in sadnesse, now I will away,
My face is full of shame, my heart of teene :
Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
Doe burne themselues for hauing so offended.
With

VENVS AND ADONIS.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet imbrace
Of those faire armes which bound him to her brest,
And homeward through the darke lawnes runnes
Leaues loue vpon her back deeply distrest. (apace,
Looke how a bright star shooteth from the skie,
So glides he in the night from *Venus* eie :

Which after him she darts, as one on shore,
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Til the wild waues will haue him seene no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend :
So did the mercilesse and pit-chie night,
Fold-in the obiekt that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that vnaware
Hath dropt a precious jewell in the floud,
Or 'stonisht, as night-wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in some mistrustfull wood :
Euen so confounded in the darke she lay,
Hauing lost the faire discouerie of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbour caues, as seeming troubled,
Make verball repetition of her moanes :
Passion, on passion, deeply is redoubled :
Ay me, she cries, and twentie times woe, woe,
And twentie echoes twentie times crie so.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a wofull dittie,
How loue makes yong men thrall & old men dore,
How loue is wise in folly, foolish wittie :
Her heauy antheime still concludes in woe,
And still the Quire of Echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though seeming short :
If pleas'd themselues, others they thinke delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport :
Their copious Stories, oftentimes begunne,
End without audience, and are neuer done:

For who hath she to spend the night withall,
But idle sounds, resembling Parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd Tapsters answering euery call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits ?
She said, Tis so: they answer all tis so,
And would say after her, if she said no.

Loe here the gentle Larke, wearie of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose siluer brest,
The Sunne ariseth in his Maiestie :
Who doth the World so gloriously behold,
That Cedar tops and hills seeme burnisht Gold.

VENUS

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow,
O thou cleere God, and Patron of all light,
From whom each lamp & shining star doth borrow
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a Son, that suckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a Myrtle groue,
Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,
And yet she heares no tidings of her loue,
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horne:
Anon she heares them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry:

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs doe ake,
Hasting to feed her Fawne hid in some brake.

By this, she heares the Hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an Adder,
Wreath'd vp in fatall folds iust in his way, (der:
The feare whereof doth make him shake & shud-
Euen so the timorous yelping of the Hounds,
Appalles her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For

VENVS AND ADONIS:

For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt Boare, rough Beare, or Lion proud :
Because the crie remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the Dogs exclaime aloude :
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all straine curt'sie who shall cope him first.

This dismall cry rings sadly in her care,
Through which it enters to surprize her heart :
Who overcome by doubt and bloodlesse feare,
With cold-pale weaknesse numbs each feeling part:
Like Souldiers when their Captaine once doth
Tey basely flie, & dare not stay the field. (yeeld,

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Till cheering vp her senses sore dismaid,
See tels them tis a causelesse fantasie,
And childish error that they are afraid, (more:
Bids them leaue quaking, will's them feare no
And with that word she spi'd the hunted Boare:

Whose frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke & blood being mingled both together,
A second feare through all her sinewes spred,
Which madly hurries her, she knowes not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back-retires, to rate the Boare for murder.

VENVS AND ADONIS:

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand waies,
She treads the path that she vntreads againe,
Her more then haste is marred with delaies,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake she finds a Hound,
And askes the wearie Catife for his Master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the onely soueraign plaster,
And heere she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

When he had ceast his ill resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner blacke and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice,
Another and another answere him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
Shaking their scratcht eares, bleeding as they go.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed
At apparitions, signes and prodigies,
Wheron with fearefull eies they long haue gazed,
Infusing them with dreadfull prophesies:
So she at these sad signes drawes vp her breath:
And sighing it againe, exclaymes on death.

Hard

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Hard-fauoured Tyrant, vgly, meagre, leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue (thus chides she Death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earths worme, what dost thou
To stifle beautie and to steale his breath? (meane
Who when he liu'd, his breath and beautie set
Glosse on the Rose, smell to the Violet.

If he be dead, ô no: it cannot be,
Seeing his beautie, thou shouldst strike at it,
O yes, it may: thou hast no eyes to see;
But hatefully at randome dost thou hit.
Thy marke is feeble age: but thy false dart
Mistakes that aime, and cleaues an Infants hart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power,
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou plucktst a flower:
Loues golden arrow at him should haue fled,
And not Deaths Ebon dart to strike him dead.
(weeping?)

Doozt thou drinke teares, that thou prouok'st such
What may a heauy grone aduantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternall sleeping,
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
New Nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Here ouer-come, as one full of despaire,
She vaild her eye-lids, who like sluces stopt
The crystall tide, that from her two cheekes faire,
In the sweet channell of her bosome dropt. (raine,
But through the floud-gates breakes the siluer
And with his strong course opens them againe.

O how her eyes and teares did lend and borrow !
Her eyes scene in her teares, teares in her eye,
Both crystals, where they view'd ech others sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to drie :
But like a stormy day, now wind, now raine,
Sighes drie her cheekes, teares make them wet
(againe.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striuing which should best become her grieve :
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That euery present sorrow seemeth chiefe :
But none is best : then ioyne they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foule weather.

By this, far off, she heares some Huntsman hollow :
A nurses Song ne're pleas'd her babe so v¹¹
The dire imagination, she did follow,
This sound of hope doth labour to exp¹¹
For now reuiuing ioy bids her
And flatters her, it is *Adonis* v.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being prison'd in her eie, like pearles in glasse:
Yet sometime fals an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts: as scorning it should passe
To wash the foule face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-beleeuing loue, how strange it seemes
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous!
Thy weale and woe, are both of them extremes,
Despaire and hope make thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now she vnweaues the web that she had wrought,
Adonis liues; and Death is not too blame:
It was not she that call'd him all to naught,
Now she addes honour to his hateful name,
Shee cleeps him King of graues, and graue for
Imperiall Supreme of all mortall things. (kings,

No, no (quoth she) sweet death, I did but iest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare,
I met the Boare that bloudie beast,
wes no pittie, but is still seuer:
le shadow (truth I must confesse)
fearing my Loues decaise.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Tis not my fault : the Boare prouok't my tongue,
Be wreakt on him (Inuisible commander)
Tis he, foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's Author of thy slander:
Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is aliue,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate:
And that his beautie may the better thrue,
With death she humbly doth insinuate ; (Stories,
Tels him of Trophies, Statues, Tombes and
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O *Ioue*, quoth she, how much a foole was I,
To be of such a weake and silly mind,
To waile his death, who liues and must not die,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind!
For he being dead, with him is beautie slaine,
And beautie dead, black *Chaos* comes againe.

Fie, fie, fond loue, thou art so full of feare,
As one with treasure laden, hemd with theenes,
Trifles: (vnwitnessed with eie or eare)
Thy Coward heart with false bethinking greener
Euen at this word she heares a merrie horne,
Whereat she leapes, that was but late forlorne.

As

VENVS AND ADONIS.

As Faulcon to the lure, away she flies :
The grasse stoopes not, she treads on it so light,
And in her haste vnfortunately spies
The foule Boares conquest on her faire Delight.
Which seen, her eyes, as mured with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselues withdrew.

Or as the Snaile, whose tender hornes being hit,
Shrinkes backward in his shelly caue with paine,
And there all smothered vp in shade doth sit,
Long after searing to creepe forth againe :
So at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep darke cabins of her head.

Where they resigne their office and their light,
To the disposing of her troubled braine :
Who bids them still consort with vgly night,
And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe,
Who like a King perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestions giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributary subiect quakes,
As when the wind imprisoned in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earths foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth mens minds cōfound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise, (eyes.
That from their dark beds once more leape her
And

VENVS AND ADONIS.

And, being opened, threw vnwillling sight
Vpon the wide wound that the Boare had trencht
In his soft flanke : whose wonted Lilly white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drēcht:
No flowre was nigh, no grasse, herb, leafe or weed,
But stole his bloud, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathy poore *Venus* noteth,
Ouer one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth,
She thinks he could not dye, he is not dead :
Her voyce is stopt, her ioynts forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt she lookes so stedfastly, (three,
That her sight dazling makes the wound seeme
And then she reprehends her mangling eye, (bee :
That makes more gashes, where no breach should
His face seems twain, each seuerall lim is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot expresse my grieve for one ;
And yet (quoth she) behold two *Adons* dead :
My sighes are blowne away, my salt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead.
Heauy hearts lead melt at mine eyes, as fire :
So shall I dye by drops of hot desire.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Alas, poore world, what treasure hast thou lost?
What face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is musicke now? what canst thou
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing? (boast
The flowres are sweet, their colors fresh & trim:
But true sweet beauty liu'd, and dy'de in him.

Bonnet, or veile henceforth no creature weare:
Nor Sunne nor Wind will euer strue to kisse you:
Hauing no faire to lose, you need not feare:
The Sunne doth scorne you, & the wind doth hisse
But when *Adonis* liu'd, Sun and sharp ayre (you:
Lurkt like two thetues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whose brim the gawdy Sunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks, then would *Adonis* weepe:
And straight in pittie of his tender yeeres,
They both would strue who first should dry his
(teares,

To see his face, the Lion walkt along,
Behind some hedge, because hee would not feare
To recreate himselfe when he hath song, (him:
The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him:
If he had spoke, the Wolfe would leaue his prey,
And neuer fright the silly Lambe that day.

When

VENVS AND ADONIS!

When he beheld his shadow in a Brooke,
The fishes spred on it their golden gills:
When he was by, the birds such pleasure tooke,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him Mulberies, and ripe red Cher-
He fed them with his sight, they him with (ries:
(berries.

But this foule, grim and vrchin-snouted Boare,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a graue,
Ne're saw the beauteous liuery that he wore;
Witnesse the entertainment that he gaue:
If he did see his face, why then, I know,
He thought to kisse him, and hath kild him so.

Tis true, true, true, thus was *Adonis* slaine,
He ran vpon the Boare with his sharpe speare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kisse thought to perswade him there:
And noursling in his flanke, the louing Swine
Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confesse,
With kissing him I should haue kild him first:
But he is dead, and neuer did he blesse
My youth with his: the more I am accurst:
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And staines her face with his congealed blood.

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VENUS AND ADONIS.

She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whispers in his eare a heauy tale,
As if he heard the wofull words she told,
She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes,
Where lo, two lampes burnt out, in darknes lyes.

Two glasses, where her selfe her selfe beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect:
Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,
And euery beauty robd of his effect:
Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
That you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, loe, here I prophetic
Sorrow on loue hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with ieaiousie,
Find sweet beginning, but vnsauorie end,
Nere settled equally, too high or low;
That all lones pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,
The bottome poyson, and the top ore-straw'd
With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weake,
Strike the wise dumb, & teach the foole to speak.

It

VENVS AND ADONIS.

It shall be sparing, and too full of ryot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,
The staring Ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,
Pluck downe the rich, enrich the poore with trea-
It shall be raging mad, and silly milde, (sures,
Make the yong old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of feare,
It shall not feare, where it should most mistrust,
It shall be mercifull, and too seuer,
And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust:
Peruerse it shall be, where it seems most toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of warre, and dire euents,
And set dissension twixt the Sonne and Sire,
Subiect and seruile to all discontents,
As drie combustion matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime, death doth my Loue destroy,
They that loue best, their loue shall not enioy.

By this, the Boy that by her side lay kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spild,
A purple flowre sprung vp checkred with white,
Resembling well his pale cheekes and the blood,
Which in round drops vpō their whiteness stood.
She

VENVS AND ADONIS.

She bowes her head, the new-sprung flowre to him,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath.
And sayes, Within her bosome it shall dwell,
Since he himselfe is reft from her by death.
She crops the stalke, and in the breach appeares
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to teares.

Poore flowre (quoth she) this was thy fathers gill
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling Sire)
For every little griefe to wet his eyes,
To grow vnto himselfe was his desire,
And so tis thine: but know, it is as good
To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy Fathers bed; here is my brest,
Thou shalt take next of bloud, and tis thy right
Loe, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute of an houre,
Wherein I will not kisse my sweet Ioues flowre.

Thus weary of the World, away she hies;
And yokes her siluer Dones: by whose swiftraile
Their Mistress mounted, through the empirie skies
In her light Chariot quickly is comeld,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their
Daughter comes to immure her selfe, and not be sedd.

FINIS.

Not quite perfect,
see 4 or 5 Lessons back;

as it cost me but 3 Halfpence.